Mow. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.
Rich. Returne againe and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our royall Sword, your banisht hands,
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with your selves)
To kepe the Oath that we administer:
You never shall (so helpe you Truth and Heaven)
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,
Nor ever writ, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst Vs our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Bul. I sweare.
Mow. And I to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, so farre, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this frayle sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flie this Realme,
Since thou hast farre to goe, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.
Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the Booke of Life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I doe know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.
Rich. Vncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: sixe frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:

Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere these sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change the Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.
Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeares to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst give;
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrincle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Rich. Thy sonne is banish'd upon good aduice
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?
Gau. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sowre:
You urg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.
Rich. Cosin farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go. *Exit.*

Flourish.

Au. Cosin farewell; what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?